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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *October* the 21ſt, 1756.

AN extravagant paſſion for collecting flowers, and which obtained the name of the *Tulipo-mania*, or Tulip madneſs, is ſaid to have become not many years ago, the ſubject of a reſtrictive law in one of the moſt frugal countries in Europe.

INDEED few nations or ages are without their madneſſes; and as it is remarked by phyſicians that every year has it's peculiar diſeaſe, ſo we may obſerve that every country, in the courſe of leſs than half a century, has it's peculiar *Mania*.

AT preſent the *Political Mania* is pretty violent in theſe kingdoms; but I believe, upon a little attention, that we ſhall find the *Genteel Mania* to have a long while extended itſelf with the moſt general influence among us.

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THE mere word *Genteel* ſeems to have had ſo ſingular an efficacy in the very ſound of it, as to have done more to the confounding all diſtinctions, and promoting a levelling principle, than the philoſophic reflections of the moſt profound teacher of republican maxims.

To do the *genteel* thing, to wear the *genteel* thing, a *genteel* method of education and living, and a *genteel* way of becoming either a knave or a bankrupt, has ruined as many once worthy families as a plague or a civil war, and rooted out of this country more real virtues than can be replanted in it for many centuries.

A SENSE of duties in our ſeveral relations is prodigiouſly *ungenteel*. It is the prerogative of this age to do every thing in the *genteeleſt* manner. And though our anceſtors were good honeſt people, yet to be ſure their notions were very *ungenteel*. Nothing now ſeems duller than their apothegms, and their reaſoning is as unfaſhionable as the cut of their coats.

THE imitating every ſtation above our own, ſeems to be the firſt principle of the *Genteel Mania*, and operates with equal efficacy upon the tenth couſin of a woman of quality, and her acquaintance who retails *Gentility* among her neighbours in the Borough.

So deeply are all ranks of people impreſſed with the *Genteel*, that Mrs. Betty is of opinion that routs would be very *genteel* in the kitchen; and it is no ſurpriſing thing for a Monmouth-ſtreet broker to aſſure a baſket-woman that the old gown he would ſell to her is *perfectly Genteel*.

THIS *genteel diſeaſe* ſhews itſelf under very different appearances. I have known a healthy young girl ſcarce a fortnight in town, but it has affected her voice, diſtorted her countenance, and almoſt taken away the uſe

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of her limbs, attended with a conſtant giddineſs of the head, and a reſtleſsneſs of being long in a place; till at laſt, repeated colds caught at Vauxhall, a violent fever at a ridotto, ſomething like a dropſy at a maſquerade, and the ſmall pox in ſucceſſion, with a general deſertion of admirers, have reſtored her to her ſenſes, and her old aunts in the country.

FLORIO made a good figure in the univerſity, as a ſenſible ſober young fellow, and an excellent ſcholar; till unluckily for him, a ſcheme to town inſpired him with the notions of *Gentility*, uſually contracted at the Shakeſpear, and a Bagnio. Inſtead of his once rational friendſhips at the ſeats of literature, his paſſion now was to enjoy the vanity of walking arm in arm with right honourables in all public places; to his former acquaintance (if it was ſometimes impoſſible to avoid the meeting ſuch diſagreeable people) he ſcarce condeſcended a bow; and nothing under the heir apparent of an earl could make him tolerably civil. In a ſhort time he became at the taverns of the firſt faſhion the principal judge of true reliſh, and the umpire of debates in every party at Whiſt. His equipage, houſe and liveries were the model of *Gentility* to men who had leſs genius for invention, though more fortune than himſelf; till, having reduced the little patrimony left him by a frugal father, he was cured of the *Genteel* by a proper regimen in the fleet.

DICK Ledger was a plain honeſt man; his anceſtors had been tradeſmen for five generations, and to the fortune which they had already accumulated for him, Dick, by his induſtry, had added about ten thouſand pounds; when unfortunately the ſymptoms of the *Genteel Mania* appeared in the family. Mrs. Ledger's head

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was firſt turned, immediately after her paying a viſit to a very diſtant relation of faſhion at the other end of the town. Her daughter ſoon caught the infection; and it was unanimouſly determined by the voice of the whole family, notwithſtanding Mr. Ledger's opinion to the contrary, that it was right for a woman in *her* ſituation to make *ſome* appearance; that it was Mr. Ledger's duty, if he had any regard for her and his children, to live a *little genteel*, and introduce his family properly into life. That it was very abſurd in Mr. Ledger to think of making Tommy a ſoap-boiler, and that a lad of his parts ſhould be brought up to ſome *genteel* profeſſion. The reſult of theſe important deliberations was a coach and four horſes, as many footmen, a fine ſeat in the country, and a town-houſe in Groſvenor-ſquare for the reſidence of Mrs. Ledger.

TOMMY, after taking lodgings for one year in the politeſt college at Oxford, ſpending there five hundred pounds, and becoming a perfect adept in tennis, ſet out upon his travels, under the care of a French valet de chambre, to learn the Norman accompliſhments at Caen: and at length, having left his modeſty at Paris, his ſobriety in Germany, his morality at Venice, and all religion at Rome, he returned, neither fit for a ſoap-boiler nor a gentleman, with too much pride for the former, and too little improvement for the latter. The ſum of all was, that the reputation of the young ladies became ſomewhat equivocal, and Mrs. Ledger herſelf was thought to be no better than ſhe ſhould be. Mr. Ledger ſoon after ſaw his name among the numerous liſt of bankrupts in the Gazette. However, by returning into the air of the city, he quickly grew better, but it is thought that Mrs. Ledger will never recover.

To

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I HAVE a brother at Cambridge, who is a ſcholar, which I am not, becauſe I am eldeſt. While he is writing a learned hiſtory of the faſhions of the paſt ages in polite antiquity, I am here in town inventing new ones for the ornament of the preſent. He has ſtudied whole volumes as big as church bibles, about the ſhape of the Roman ſhoes, the half-moons upon ſenatorial buſkins, and the graſhopper *pompoons* worn by the ladies at Athens. Being well acquainted with buſts and coins, he has ſettled with great critical exactneſs the origin of head-dreſſes, and the chronology of perriwigs; and he ſays that he is now at laſt, after ſeveral years meditation and reading, able to convince the world that caps and lappets were invented by the Egyptians, and that the Greeks uſed paſte in dreſſing the hair. As to myſelf, I am the firſt man who introduced the long walking-ſticks. As ſoon as the public comes into my faſhions I quit them, and generally have the diſtance of the ſmarteſt young fellows about town in the novelty of my habit. I intend to introduce roll-up ſtockings and high heels this winter: by the following winter, if the mode ſhould take, then I ſhall wear no heels at all, and a pair of trunk hoſe like my grandfather's picture in our great hall in the country. An old gentleman, with whom I condeſcend now and then to converſe (who by the by is my father) often remonſtrates to me what a mad way of dreſſing I am got into. I anſwer that I wonder he ſhould reprove me, when he himſelf is a fop but of twenty years ſtanding: and as my acquaintance aſſure me that I have the

genteeleſt